

The Tragedie

Qu. Say then who dost thou meane shall be her King?

King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?

Qu. How canst thou wee her?

King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Torke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:

Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Rivers*, yea, and for her sake
Made'st quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command intreats.

Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her everlastingly.

Qu. but how long shall that title euer last?

King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?

King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loths such soueraingtie.

King.

Of Richard the T

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being

King. I then in plaine tearmes tell her

Qu. Plaine and not Honest is to harsh

King. Madam your reasons are too slow

Qu. O no my reasons are to deepe and

Too deepe and dead poore infants in

Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-string

King. Now by my George, my Garter

Qu. Prophain'd, dishonor'd, and the

King. I swere by nothing,

Qu. By nothing for this is no oath,

The George prophain'd, hath lost his

The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knig

The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his King

If nothing thou wilt swere to be beliee

Swear then by something that thou ha

King. Now, by the world:

Qu. Tis full of thy soule wrongs:

King. My Fathers death:

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonor'd.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth:

King. Why then by God:

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath b

The vnity the King thy brother made,

Had not beene broken, nor my brothe

If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oth by

The Imperiall mettrall circling now thy

Had grac't the tender temples of my cl

And both the Princess had beene breath

Which now two tender play-fellowe

Thy broken faith hath made a prey for

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd in time o

For I my selfe haue many teares to wa

Hereafter time for time, by the past w

The children liue, whose parents thou